

THE  
CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

---

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

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“When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.”

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VOLUME XVI.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1899.

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NEW YORK:  
JAMES A. O'CONNOR,  
142 West 21st Street,  
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... THE ...

# Converted Catholic

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"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xlii: 32.

Vol. XVI.

JANUARY 1899.

No. 1.

## THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlightenment of  
Roman Catholics and their conversion  
to Evangelical Christianity.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH thankfulness to God and  
joy unspeakable THE CON-  
VERTED CATHOLIC begins the Sixteenth  
Volume with this issue. It has done  
good to all of its readers in the past ;  
with the continuance of the divine bless-  
ing it will do more good in the future.  
The work it is doing is not ephemeral ;  
it will endure unto the end, for it is es-  
tablished on the Word of God and  
relies upon His promises.

When this work was commenced  
twenty years ago no man could say how  
it would develop. At first evangelistic  
services were held in large halls, like  
Masonic Temple, which were largely  
attended by Roman Catholics, Protest-  
ants, and those who were not attached  
to any religious organization. During  
those early years we also reached tens of  
thousands through weekly papers like  
the *New York Witness*. Both the preach-  
ing and the writing was a labor of love.  
Then this Magazine was established,  
with offices in the Bible House, and in  
1891 the present building, appropriately  
named CHRIST'S MISSION, became the  
headquarters of the movement. Year  
by year the work has prospered until it  
can be said in the words of Gamaliel to

the Jews: "If this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." So we say to the Jesuits and all other agents. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

#### God's Promises for the New Year.

It is well to remember the promises of God at the beginning of a new year. The Lord sends forth bugle blasts through His prophet Isaiah:

"Listen, O isles, unto me, and hearken, ye people, from far.

"Hearken to Me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.

"My righteousness is near; My salvation is gone forth, and mine arm shall judge the people; the isles shall wait upon Me, and on mine arm shall they trust.

"Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath: for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but My salvation shall be for ever, and My righteousness shall not be abolished.

"Hearken unto Me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is My law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings.

"My righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from generation to generation.

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.

"I, even I, am He that comforteth you.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

Every verse in the Chapters 50-55 is of the same tenor. "Draw nigh unto the Lord."

#### A Good Bible Index.

An Index to the Bible, the most complete in brevity, accuracy and convenience, has been sent to Christ's Mission by Mr. Samuel B. Schieffelin of this city. We commend it to our readers as the best brief Concordance in the English language. Young people who are appalled by bulky concordances will be attracted by the large type, good print and good paper of this cloth bound volume of 100 pages. It will sent to our readers for the nominal price of 10 cents.

#### Catholics in Protestant Colleges.

Roman Catholic young men of talent and ambition who want an education that will fit them for useful and honorable careers go to our American universities and colleges. Even Richard Croker, the famous "boss" of Tammany Hall, has sent his sons to Brown University, and they are not the only Catholics in that famous Baptist institution. Mr. Croker himself was some kind of a Protestant, that is, he was not a Jew or a Catholic before he married a Roman Catholic. What he is now as regards religion goodness only knows. He is too busy with politics to be concerned about religion of any kind; but he is shrewd enough to know that his boys would be handicapped in the race of life by a Roman Catholic education, and so he sends them to a Protestant university.

It is only the uneducated or half educated people that can be coerced by the bishops and priests to render obedience to the commands of the Roman Church. Intelligent and progressive Catholics renounce and denounce it. The papal agents say such persons are "bad Catholics." But they are good citizens; whereas the "good Catholics" are bad citizens, be they rumsellers, plotting Jesuits or deceiving Paulist Fathers. Christian civilization and American ideas will prevail over Roman superstitions.

## CONVERTS FROM ROME.

**W**E could fill this issue of the magazine with letters from Converts from Rome like the following.

Nerac, France.

Our dear pastor, Dr. Meillon, has received a copy of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. He was greatly interested in the contents of the magazine, as he himself is a converted Catholic priest, and before his conversion was professor and chaplain at the Lyceum of Marseilles, and formerly a pupil at St. Sulpice, Paris. He was converted by reading the Bible, and, desirous to become a Protestant pastor, he went through a new course of studies, passed successfully his examinations for Baccalaureat of Letters, and then spent three years at the school of Theology of Montauban. He chose Marseilles for his consecration, and two and a half years ago became pastor of a church at Nevac.

He is greatly interested in conversions from Romanism, and many anxious priests and other Catholics have made him their confidant and adviser.

E. POISSON.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 23, 1898.

I had been a faithful Catholic until my fiftieth year. But the study of the Bible told me that the Roman Church is a fraud, and I became a convert.

My uncle is a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, but that made no impression on me, and I separated myself from the Church. Dr. S. M.

Stoneham, Mass., Dec. 28, 1898.

The "Story of St. Patrick" arrived promptly. Many thanks. My brother-in-law and myself have read it with deep interest. I found much in the history of Ireland that was new to me.

One of the subscribers whose name I sent you, an Italian, is a converted Catholic, who, with his American

wife, has united with the church here.

It was very kind of you to offer to send your magazine to the Catholics I spoke of in my former letter. It will do them good. M. A. P.

Park College, Parkville, Mo.

A few months ago while looking over some magazines in our library I came across THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. I was greatly pleased to learn that there was such a magazine published, for I too was once a Roman Catholic, but now, thanks be to God, I have changed the word "Roman" for "converted."

I was born in the Island of Madeira, Portugal. My parents died when I was eleven years old, and from that time to the present I have earned my own living. Having a desire for an education, I came to the United States in 1895. Being unable to speak the English language and having no friends, I suffered somewhat, but the Lord helped me.

I am a member of the church and I intend to do missionary work among my countrymen—probably in Brazil. I want to prepare myself for such a great, noble work, and you, a former Catholic priest, could advise me as to what steps I must take to prepare myself for this purpose. I want to preach Jesus to my people in Portugal. I ask your prayers in my behalf.

May God crown your work with success, and may many souls be brought to Christ through your labor in the prayer of JOHN BAPTISTA.

## "Rome and the United States."

We had written an article with the above title for this issue of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC when to our great pleasure we saw in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* of January 5, 1899, an editorial article on the same subject and with the same heading. It was the

leading editorial of the *Eagle*. Our readers at a distance from this city should know that the *Eagle* is a paper of the highest character and is not excelled by any metropolitan journal in influence and public confidence.

The article would fill two and a half pages of this magazine, hence we cannot print it all this month. It begins with a reference to the rumors that have been persistently published from Washington, that Archbishop Ireland had been or would be appointed by President McKinley a delegate to the conference of nations on disarmament proposed by the Emperor of Russia. Archbishop Ireland had been in Washington lobbying in the interest of the Roman Church before the meeting of Congress in December, and did not return to his diocese (St. Paul, Minn.) until a few days before Christmas. On this point the *Eagle* suggests that, "By a judicious and protracted or, at least, an occasional confinement of his energy to the diocese to which he belongs, and in which neither Washington City nor New York City is included," Archbishop Ireland could give some ground for refuting "the persistent rumors or reports that, some how or in some way, the Pope was to become, or wanted to become, or was asked to become, an intervener [in the war with Spain] and always on the initiative or at the instance or by the hand of Archbishop Ireland." "Every other archbishop and bishop of his Church in this country," continues the *Eagle*, "has set him an example of abstention from civic suggestions and from looming large to the eye and linguistic to the ear of political day." Whereat Archbishop Corrigan, the Jesuits and others of that ilk chuckle, for they do their political work in secret.

The interference of Rome in the politics of the United States and the mystery surrounding Rome's methods are

thus referred to: "An intention has been periodically rumored, a suggestion has been steadily hinted, but neither has been confirmed and neither has materialized to any known fact. Both the report and the denial of the alleged papal refusal are likewise in shadow. But the value both of report and refusal, as well as of the denial of each, as a factor of conspicuity or of advertisement, is manifest. Things of that sort are happening as often in clerical politics as in any other politics now-a-days."

The *Eagle* would not "abridge the rights of Citizen Ireland," but it says:

"There is a check in Archbishop Ireland's ambitions or aspirations. As Archbishop, he is made by and responsible to Rome. As Citizen, he can resign or renounce his archbishopric, but as Archbishop he will be very careful not to do so, for his civic consequence is reflected by and rests on his archbishopric, as is conceded everywhere." The time will come when the American people will say that those papal agents—bishops, Jesuits, Paulists, etc., "who are made by and are responsible to Rome," shall not have the right to plot and scheme against the institutions of the country. As long as they are "responsible to Rome" they are traitors to this country and enemies of our Government. Even Father Zurcher, the Catholic priest of Buffalo, in his pamphlet "Monks and their Decline," admits that the Jesuits have been expelled from all Roman Catholic countries for their treasons and conspiracies against the constituted governments. The American patriotic societies will take up this subject more vigorously because of the utterances of such a leading paper as our Brooklyn contemporary. Men in public life cannot afford to shut their eyes and ears against the truth, which is axiomatic, that a man "made by and responsible to Rome" cannot be a good American citizen.



## SERVICES IN CHRIST'S MISSION.

142 West Twenty-first Street, New York.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PASTOR.

[Reported for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.]

**D**URING the month of December the services were well attended, and Roman Catholics were always present. One Sunday evening a Roman Catholic priest was in the audience, but no more notice was taken of him than of any other person present. A few days later this gentleman called on Mr. O'Connor, and in the course of conversation said he had been present at the service the Sunday before and was well pleased with what he had seen and heard. He was invited to attend the services regularly, and if he could not do so without embarrassment and inconvenience to himself and others, to become a guest of Christ's Mission and share its home life and advantages of religious conversation, Bible study and spiritual development. He accepted this invitation and has since made his home with the Mission family to his advantage and their happiness. It is a great pleasure to receive such men and give them the opportunity of learning what a better and a happier life it is to be a believer in Jesus Christ in simple faith and trust as their Saviour and Redeemer than to be a priest of Rome, whose religion is bound up in ceremonial observances, ritualistic practices and the material advancement of the Church.

This latest priest who has come to Christ's Mission, the Rev. William B. Fleck, is a young man. He was born in Ohio, and was ordained five years ago. His priestly life was passed in the diocese of Cleveland where he would have risen to a high position if he could have made his conscience subservient to the wishes of the bishop. But he chose the better part to think for himself, and he now rejoices that God in His mys-

terious providence has delivered him from the priesthood and the superstitions of the Roman Church. Mr. Fleck spoke several times at the services in Christ's Mission last month, and on each occasion was warmly greeted by the congregation.

**A Patriotic, Christian Service.**

Christmas night of the year 1898 will live long in the memory of every member of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, and of every other person who was present at the services in Christ's Mission chapel that evening.

All regretted, indeed, the unavoidable absence of Pastor O'Connor, who went to preach, in answer to a previous invitation, in the Church of the Strangers, New York, of which the Rev. Dr. D. A. Blackburne is pastor. The services at Christ's Mission were conducted in a fine manner, most spiritual and helpful to all, by Mr. Woolfe, a godly man, a zealous Christian worker, who had been converted while he was a member of the New York Police, and who has been most useful in Christian service, helping many missions and small churches since he retired from the force. He has been a warm friend of Christ's Mission for many years.

The Rev. Dr. Frank Rogers Morse was also present, and in his polished style delivered a delightful address that sparkled with gems of true patriotism and Christian doctrine. He praised the Order for fighting boldly against all foes of our open Bible, our free institutions and the rights of conscience. He said it was the Protestants who placed the Bible in the public schools, and there it shall remain.

Brother Place read and explained the

Constitution and By-Laws of the Order, and gave all present an opportunity of learning what good was being accomplished through the organization in the United States. Mr. Place is a pleasant speaker, and was listened to with rapt attention.

Counsellor De Witt Clinton Morrell, member of the bar, and one of the most zealous patriotic citizens of New York, gave a highly instructive talk, as did also other members of the Order. Their experiences in the past and suggestions for the future were most valuable.

#### Address of Rev. W. B. Fleck.

By invitation of Pastor O'Connor the Rev. William B. Fleck, a former priest, now at Christ's Mission, spoke as follows:

Your order is to be commended for the lofty principles it cherishes, as expressed in the motto, "God, our country and our rights." You admit none into your society who ignore God, or who will not defend the free institutions of this country and the Bible as the cornerstone of the freedom we enjoy. I fully agree with you that there is no true liberty but that which is based on the doctrine of Christ as contained in the Word of God.

On this anniversary of the birth of our Saviour we are to recall the fact vividly to our minds that He came upon earth to free us from our sins, by reason of which the devil and tyrannical man were allowed to enslave us and force us to serve them rather than God and our own eternal interests. All men are created in the image and likeness of God, and so have been divinely placed on an equal footing with one another; and where one does not exalt himself above the other, and respects his neighbor's rights as much as his own, there is perfect liberty for all. There are men who thrive and sit in high places and domineer over their fellow-men for

the simple reason that we allow ourselves to be fooled not only a part of the time, but all the time.

What Christian will not second your efforts to give to the Grand Old Book the place it deserves in the public schools of our Christian land? Why was the Bible banished from so many schools? It was to satisfy the powers that be in the Roman Church, who said they could not in conscience allow the Catholic children to listen to the reading of the Bible. But when the Bible parted company with the schools they laughed at having accomplished their end, and said they could not send their children there because God was not mentioned in them and the Catholic doctrines were not taught. Then they called the schools "Godless." As a priest who has only recently come out of the Roman Catholic Church I may state that one of the reasons the Roman Catholic bishops had in forbidding children to attend the public schools was to force Catholic parents to give employment to the thousands of nuns and brothers, and increase the wealth of the Church in this country by the many millions of dollars' worth of school property and additional convent property that could be purchased by the extra tax levied on poor Catholics for the salaries of these teachers. If the parochial schools were abandoned it would mean different positions and changed vocations for many, and if the catechism should be replaced by the Bible, which belongs to all men alike, as does the air we breathe, then Roman Catholics would learn to love that Book which is the bulwark of the institutions of our country and patronize the schools instead of taxing themselves beyond their means to support the convents and build separate schools and hand over the free title of the same to the Pope in Rome through his agents here

Remember that "eternal vigilance is



the price of liberty." Your free institutions are safe only as long as you shall be permitted to fly the standard of your country over them and retain therein the Bible that makes and keeps us free. Let not posterity say of you that you proved false to the heritage of freedom handed down to you by your forefathers, and for which they suffered and bled and died. Go forth as a united body to speak the truth in love, firmness and hope. Use your reasoning powers and be not as so many parrots that think not for themselves but speak and act only as they are taught by their owners. Proclaim to all the world that as free American citizens you love freedom and its principle of "Right is Might," and detest tyranny and oppression of whatever kind and its principle of "Might is Right." Do all in your power to have others taste the sweets of liberty, and they shall one day sing your praises. Point out to your fellow-men the morning star of freedom that shone forth at Christ's birth nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Pray that God may hasten the day when all the earth shall repeat the glad tidings that oppression has disappeared, that liberty has become universal, that men's hearts are knit together in love, and that they shall dwell together in peace and security in the shadow of the protection of the Sun of Liberty.

#### **New Year's Services.**

The meeting in Christ's Mission chapel on the first night of the New Year was unusually interesting and edifying. Pastor O'Connor led in prayer, and the service was interspersed with well-chosen remarks and happy suggestions for the year. He exhorted all to be helpful to those who were still in darkness, and to pray God to send them light and courage. He recalled the past twenty years that he had been laboring for the spiritual freedom of his

Roman Catholic friends so they might enjoy happiness and the consciousness of serving God rather than man. During all this time in New York City he has been preaching and writing of Christ and Him crucified, as did the Apostle Paul. Though, perhaps, opposed by many of his former co-religionists, he has naught but the kindest feeling and true Christian compassion for them, and this he proves every day in the year by the helpfulness, spiritual and material, Christ's Mission extends to the many priests and other Catholics who visit the Mission. He only deplores the fact that his temporal means are so limited, and especially that the debt on the Mission building has not yet been liquidated.

The congregational singing was exceptionally elevating on Christmas and New Year's nights, and was enhanced by the exquisite violin and organ accompaniment by Miss Phoebe A. Volk and Mr. George Washington O'Connor. On these two occasions Miss Volk also sang a beautiful solo in her modest and earnest manner, and delighted all with her sweet, rich voice, as well as her skill as a violinist.

Pastor O'Connor introduced as the speaker of the evening the Rev. Adolphus Kistler, formerly a Roman Catholic and now a minister of the Gospel. He is at present taking a post-graduate course of study at Princeton Seminary. He is an eloquent, heart-to-heart speaker. His fine presence and winning ways, as well as his clear conceptions and conclusive arguments, captivated his hearers from the start, and kept them spell-bound to the last.

During his admirable address Dr. Kistler exploded all the so-called proofs generally advanced by Roman Catholics in favor of the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, and showed from Scripture that Christ is the only Head of His Church, and the Holy Spirit the only vice-regent whom Christ sent to

govern His Church, which is not of this world, and so requires no king or pope to rule it. He also showed that by praying to "saints" Roman Catholics ascribe to those finite beings like themselves, what essentially and solely belongs to the one infinite Being—God; for if these "saints" could hear and present to God every second of the day the millions of different kinds of prayers and petitions and complaints in the different places in all parts of the world and in "purgatory," and where not, then these "saints" must be omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, all wise, etc., like God himself, and so be as God. How could "Saint" Peter, for instance, be in heaven, in purgatory, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America and in every nook and corner of this globe every moment of the day, and hear what the Catholics have to say, or read their individual thoughts and desires?

Mr. Kistler's address will be printed in full in the February magazine.

Don Joseph Fonseca, L.L.D., likewise took part in the services. He is Spanish by birth, and was ordained a deacon in the Roman Catholic Church a few years ago. He has made exhaustive studies in all branches, and is an accomplished linguist. His address was well received, especially his reference to the Bible as the sole rule of faith and practice. Dr. Fonseca has just come from the French Dominican Monastery at Sherman Park, near Tarrytown, N. Y., where he was a member of the faculty in the college. Archbishop Corrigan labored earnestly with him to remain in the Roman Catholic Church, but he refused to continue longer to seem to assent to doctrines which his mind and heart rejected.

The debt on Christ's Mission is pressing upon the hearts of many of the friends who have helped the work formerly and now wish to see it paid. It ought to be paid this year.

## No Religion in Porto Rico.

In the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (the Jesuits' magazine) for December, 1898, there is an article entitled, "A Month in Porto Rico," by the Jesuit priest, Father "Tom" Sherman, who, since the death of his father, the Civil War General, is making much capital of his familiarity and relationship with military men, and who was appointed chaplain of a Missouri regiment at the beginning of the war with Spain. In this article Father Sherman says: "Porto Rico is a Catholic country without religion. The clergy do not seem to have any hold of the people. They are part of the Spanish establishment. The Spaniards here are Catholics, some Porto Rican women are Catholics, the men are *legally* Catholic, which means they are baptized, married and buried Catholics."

But they have no religion. Protestants should take note of his statement.

A letter from Ponce, Porto Rico, dated November 14, 1898, in the *New York Freeman's Journal* (a Roman Catholic paper), December 31, 1898, said:

"There is considerable property [in Porto Rico] that was in possession of the Spanish Government on the arrival of the American troops which belonged to the Church. It was taken from the Church on the condition that the State [Spain] would support the clergy and the Church institutions. Some of the clergy of the smaller parishes of the interior have already sailed for Spain, as the people are not yet accustomed to support the Church by direct contribution.

"There is great need of priests here, but it would be useless for American priests to come unless they understand the Spanish language.

"The bishop who was elected to the vacant see of San Juan has resolved to resign, as there are no funds."

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS. AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOVAL TO THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

The story begins after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The principal characters are Lady Isabel de Beaumont, still in the prime of life, and her adopted children, Adrien and Marie, whose history is shrouded in mystery. Adrien, having entered the army, is sent on a mission to Nismes. He encounters a dying Huguenot pastor, and obtains his Testament as a souvenir. "Jean the Watchman" is a Huguenot in disguise among the royal troopers. Father Jerome, the village household confessor, is succeeded by the noble-minded Father Augustine, the confessor during Lady Isabel's childhood. During a hunting expedition Adrien disappears; he reappears mysteriously through means known only to Father Augustine and Antoine, the aged steward. The pastor's Testament brings salvation to Father Augustine, Lady Isabel and Adrien. Their heresy is discovered through Marie's aid, and it is decided that Lady Isabel and Adrien must retire to a secret chamber. The enemy arrives, and a band of soldiers surround the castle. Antoine warns Adrien and Lady Isabel. The signal is given, Lady Isabel secures her jewels and then goes to the secret chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

His eyes have seen

The King, no veil between.

In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed;

No earth-breathed haze

Can dim that rapturous gaze

He sees Him face to face on whom his guilt was laid.

—F. R. H.

After a stormy debate Father Jerome left Adrien, but it was as a prisoner. It would now be impossible for him to obey Gaspard's signal.

Passing through the great hall, the priest noticed Antoine in his usual corner, apparently enjoying an evening nap.

The chapel bell now warned him that he must hasten to the village, so with a grim smile he ordered Ignatius to remain on guard and then hurried on.

Well aware that every movement would be reported Antoine did not leave his place throughout the evening, hoping thereby to escape suspicion should his lady succeed in her flight.

As midnight approached with all its

dread possibilities, he could no longer remain in his place. With a loud yawn he arose and began pacing the hall, humming softly. It seemed indeed that the wild beating of his heart must betray itself, though to Ignatius his tranquillity appeared unbroken. Thus Father Jerome found him.

"What, you still here?" and he eyed Antoine suspiciously.

"Yes, your reverence," he replied in his usual quiet tone. "I await you at my lady's command."

"For what?"

"My lady desired me to see you comfortably served ere you retired to rest."

"Your lady was certainly most thoughtful," returned the priest, blandly, "though it was quite unnecessary. However, guests are now arriving who need all your attention;" and he pointed to a line of soldiers entering the hall.

"May I ask for an explanation, your reverence?" and the tone of surprised displeasure in the old soldier's voice was just what the priest had expected.

"A royal guard en route for Nismes. See that they are comfortably quartered."

With a grave bow Antoine retired to give the necessary orders, and soon silence reigned over all.

After so much excitement Father Jerome's sleep was long and deep, so it was no wonder that at daybreak Ignatius's rappings failed to arouse him.

"Father Jerome," he cried finally, "Ursule has knocked many times at her lady's door but receives no response. What must be done?"

In a moment all drowsiness had vanished and a look of grave apprehension swept over the priest's face.

"Has the guard been withdrawn?"

"All night he has stood at the door, and waits there still."

"Have the chamber opened at once! I will soon join you."

A little later when Ignatius arrived at Lady Isabel's door with the proper implements, Father Jerome was already there, while Ursule also stood near deeply concerned for her mistress.

As the door flew open all gazed in eagerly. The room was empty!

"Speak, woman!" the priest cried wrathfully. "What does this mean?"

"I can only say, your reverence, that I know nothing about it," she replied hysterically. "The foul fiend himself must have spirited my lady away!" and she wrung her hands in despair, her mind being evidently full of last night's discourse.

"Silence! When did you last see her?"

The stern accents instantly quieted her.

"Early last evening, your reverence, I delivered Mlle. Marie's message and hastened away as you ordered me. Later I stole back and listened until her footsteps ceased. Then I hurried to the chapel. But oh, my dear lady, shall I never see you more!" and once again Ursule's fears overcame her equanimity.

"No woman should ever be trusted!" the priest said sternly; and closing the door he locked it, leaving Ursule a prisoner.

Was he foiled at last? The very thought was maddening.

With a strong effort he suppressed his rage and proceeded to action. Antoine must now be found and questioned ere his suspicions be aroused. Not a moment's sleep had come to the old steward, and he was thoroughly unnerved.

Now as he saw Father Jerome he made a desperate struggle for self-control.

"Why, Antoine, you have proved but a poor defender of the House of Beaumont! Your lady seized and carried off—and," but he was interrupted.

Antoine, quite deceived by his words, stopped him with a loud cry, "Carried off," he repeated. "Oh, Father Jerome, you cannot mean it! It were surely impossible in her own castle! Lost!" and the words rang forth in tones of despair and anguish.

There was no doubting his sincerity, and the priest turned to his companion and held a hasty council.

"An unexpected turn;" "evidently for the first time;" "strangely ignorant," were the words that Antoine overheard, as with bowed head he sought to quiet his emotion.

In an instant the old man realized his mistake. Physically weakened by his long vigil and filled with dark forebodings, it was no wonder that he had been deceived.

Now, however, the thought of his lady's safety lent new vigor to his frame.

"It is true," Father Jerome finally said, "that your lady has mysteriously disappeared, but with your aid we hope soon to restore her to her devoted household. The castle must be searched. No one, I am told, has passed its portals since midnight, and no one can now leave it without my permission. Are you ready to do all in your power to insure success?"

"Anything, anything, for my dear lady's sake," Antoine rejoined eagerly. "If, as you say, she could not have left the castle, I see that my fears were quite unnecessary. It were only child's play to find her! Have you seen M. Adrien?"

He spoke rapidly as they proceeded to the soldier's quarters.

"M. Adrien will be here shortly."

"And Mlle. Marie?"

"She knows nothing," was the brief

response, and Antoine asked no more. Soon all the household were assembled, and as they waited Adrien's coming Father Jerome briefly stated that he had been accused of heresy, and it was suspected that Lady Isabel had been spirited away through Huguenot witchcraft.

In a few moments the prisoner entered, and his face shone with a joyful satisfaction which quite mystified the little company.

"Aimee is safe!" This much he had learned from his guard, and the thought filled him with happiness.

"Where is Lady Isabel?" and as Father Jerome spoke his sharp black eyes seemed seeking to pierce Adrien through and through.

"In her Lord's keeping!" The joyful ring almost startled the priest himself; but his gaze never wavered as he muttered half aloud, "Say rather in Satan's," then drawing nearer the prisoner he spoke more loudly.

"Misguided youth, think not thus to evade us. I command you to answer. Where now is Lady Isabel de Beaumont? Remember our authority is never defied with impunity. Let your words be instant and true!"

For several moments a look of intense indignation filled Adrien's face, and then his young voice rang out both loud and clear:

"Tell me, my good friends," he cried, turning to the little audience, "what think you of one who by artful words and specious promises moves a fair and innocent soul to betray her dearest friend and now dares tempt Adrien de Beaumont to the same dishonor?"

The words poured forth so rapidly that Father Jerome could not prevent them.

Instantly, however, Adrien regretted his impetuous speech. Surely it would bring no honor to his Master's name, and this might be his only opportunity

for pointing his old friends to Him. He would do it now!

But this was just what Father Jerome feared most, and with a dark frown he silenced him.

"Behold the fruits of heresy!" he cried. "Surely the mouth of this slanderer shall be stopped by vengeance from on high. Last night as we again heard the Beaumont vault resounding with strange commotion, said I not the noble spirits scented heresy in their ancestral halls? Yea, they would thus rebuke our long suffering and negligence!"

"And yet the evil seems to have reached but few." This was the voice of Father Vincent, who had recently joined the group. "The very choice pupils of our dear brother Augustine," he added softly to Father Jerome. A look of intelligence passed.

"To Father Augustine let us go immediately. Captain!" and he turned to the leader, "detail a guard for the prisoner and take measures to have the castle thoroughly searched."

As these words were uttered Adrien gave a start which did not escape Father Jerome's watchful eye. Evidently the prisoner knew his secret was in danger of discovery.

Orders were given that Adrien should accompany the party to Father Augustine's chamber.

No one spoke as they hurried on; the heavy tread of the guard ringing dimly through the long empty corridors.

The door was finally reached, but no response came to their call for admission. Finding, however, that it was unfastened, the party entered. Everything was in its usual place. The secret panel had been safely closed, but upon the couch above it lay the lifeless form of Father Augustine.

The pillow dyed with crimson told the story, at least to Antoine and Adrien.



Fearing to wait lest Lady Isabel's safety be compromised, he had spent all his remaining strength in concealing the secret entrance. This last loving act had cost him his life.

Eagerly Antoine sought to find some sign of vitality; but no, the gentle spirit of Father Augustine was with his Lord.

Though at first much startled Father Jerome quickly recovered himself, and turning to the soldiers who held Adrien between them, he said sternly:

"Leave the prisoner here. One guard within the chamber, the other without." And the priests hastily departed.

As the door closed Adrien's guard released him and the young man threw himself beside the couch of his old friend.

A few moments passed and this low whisper broke the stillness:

"Escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken and he is escaped."

The words reached Adrien and he looked up in wonder.

With a warning gesture the guardsman again whispered, "Does monsieur not remember? We have met before."

"Is it possible? Jean the Watchman!"

"Yes, monsieur; but I beg of you betray me not by word or sign, or all is lost!" for Adrien seemed in danger of forgetting his perilous position.

"No time now for explanation," Jean continued. "At any moment we may be interrupted. Tell me how I may serve the Lady Isabel or yourself."

But Adrien hesitated. Was it wise to trust the precious secret to a comparative stranger; and yet surely Lady Isabel's escape required other help than Antoine's.

"Help me, Lord," he cried silently. "Help me to know whether this man be true!"

"I well understand your doubts, monsieur," the other said gently. "Yet surely if you knew but half my love for Paul Arnaud, my loyalty to his son would not be questioned!"

"His son?" Adrien's face flushed with surprised delight.

"And you knew it not? Have you never sought enlightenment from Lady Isabel?"

"Yes, but such questions always so distressed her that long ago I vowed to ask no more. But now—?"

His eager question was stopped abruptly.

"Later you may know all. Now we must think of present needs."

Soon Jean was in possession of all that Adrien could tell save the fact of the close presence of the secret stairway.

"And, monsieur, have you adopted a watchword? I might thus win Antoine's confidence."

For a few moments Adrien was silent.

"Yes. I remember now," he said, "that I once suggested the necessity for a watchword, and Father Augustine proposed this one, 'Love is strong as death,' having for the response the name of Paul Arnaud. We were all present, and surely none of our little consultations can ever be forgotten. Antoine will recognize it."

"The words were well chosen, monsieur, and I will remember them. Your escape must be postponed, but Lady Isabel's position requires instant action. Some mode of communication must be established; plans for her removal adopted; her sojourn in the gloom beneath us will soon render her incapable of enduring future hardships."

"You will find Antoine a willing and efficient coadjutor, and perhaps Gaspard may be added to the list."

But now a sound without warned them, and they quickly separated; the guard noiselessly taking his place by



the door, Adrien going to look once more on the calm features of his friend.

His heart's desire to "see His face" had now been gratified, and verily it seemed that the first glad sight had thrown back a radiance over the earthly tabernacle. Thus it seemed to Adrien as he gazed upon it. His reverie was now interrupted by Ignatius' entrance with the order:

"Take the fellow below to Father Jerome!"

The castle had been searched, without success, and now it was determined to force an explanation from Adrien, who alone held the secret.

No threat, however, could move him, and it was decided to take him to Nismes where stronger measures could be resorted to while the surrounding country was carefully searched.

Meanwhile Jean secured an interview with Antoine. The watchword was at once recognized and confidence established. In his desperation Antoine was only too glad to accept Jean's offer of assistance.

In a week or two some mode of escape would be planned, but Antoine was not to communicate with his lady till Father Jerome's vigilance relaxed.

With this unsatisfactory advice he was obliged to be content.

A plan to secure Adrien's retreat to Lady Isabel's hiding-place met with his peremptory refusal. His disappearance, he argued, would probably lead to her discovery, and with Marie's disloyalty fresh in his mind it gave him deep satisfaction to thus prove his own devotion to their benefactress. And again Antoine tried to be content.

At early dawn the party started for Nismes; Father Jerome remaining to complete certain arrangements and also to attend Father Augustine's obsequies.

Antoine had played his part so well that no one, not even Gaspard, suspected his knowledge of Lady Isabel's retreat.

Even when obliged to accompany Father Jerome over the castle, securely locking each door and depositing the key in the latter's keeping, he showed no sign of his inward despair. How now was his beloved lady to be reached?

But slowly, surely an unexpected deliverer was drawing near.

Upon the very day of Father Jerome's departure an epidemic entered the valley which, though proving fatal to many of its inhabitants, was to bring life and liberty to the Lady Isabel de Beaumont!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Missionaries to Porto Rico.

No greater condemnation of Romanism as a religion was ever uttered than what the Jesuit priest, Father Sherman, has said in the monthly magazine, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, published by the Jesuits of this city. "Porto Rico," he says, "is a Catholic country without religion." Is not this true of Cuba and the Philippine Islands as well as of the southern isle? The doctrines of Rome that have been preached in those islands for four hundred years have left them without any religion whatever. Can any declaration of the failure of Romanism be stronger?

There is some anxiety in official circles in Washington regarding the future of Cuba and the Philippine Islands, but Porto Rico is already United States territory as much as any other part of our country. The door for Home Mission work there is wide open.

There are many zealous young men who would go to Porto Rico if the Mission Boards of the various denominations would send them. But without being sent by any board a converted priest, Father Ferrando, is already there, and Father Lambert, another priest who was also converted at Christ's Mission, will soon join him. We ask the prayers of our readers for these brethren.

**FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.**

FIFTH SERIES.

## VII.

NEW YORK, January, 1899.

SIR:—You will see on the next page a picture of the American Peace Commissioners who signed the treaty with Spain by which all of her colonies in the Western hemisphere and the Philippine Islands in the East have come into the possession of the United States Government. The treaty was signed in Paris last month, and the day before Christmas the Commissioners presented it to President McKinley in the White House at Washington. In the history of the world there have been other treaties of great importance between nations, but none of them had such significance as this for the welfare of humanity. The United States is no longer an isolated Nation on the Western continent. It is a world Power; and the elements that have made it great will, when applied, produce effects upon other peoples that will bring them to the same height of civilization.

When Europeans heard Americans talking in this vein a few years ago they listened with polite incredulity and shrugged their shoulders. Even one year ago they said America was only a half civilized country, very large to be sure, but without culture or refinement, without diplomacy in the affairs of state, and without skill in the arts of government. They pointed to Tammany Hall in our city as the type of corruption that existed in the municipal government of all our large cities, and in a measure they endorsed the sneer of De Lome, the Spanish minister at Washington, that President McKinley was a tricky politician and our Government was conducted on a low plane. When De Lome's letter was published he was ordered out of the country, and has not since been heard from. Then followed the destruction of our battleship, the *Maine*, in Havana harbor—by a “fanatical Spaniard or a fiendish Cuban,” as you said, Cardinal—and the declaration of war between this country and Spain in April.

The whole world knows the result of that war, from the victory of Admiral Dewey over the Spanish navy at Manila on May 1 to the destruction of Cervera's fleet in Santiago by the American navy. And now when all of Spain's colonies are wrested from her, Europeans of high and low degree say the United States is a great Nation, great in extent of territory, great in wealth and power, and, above all, great in men. They take off their hats and bow low to this country, and Uncle Sam chuckles and says, “I told you so.”

What has made this country great? At the time of the World's Exposition in Chicago in 1893 you and yours, Cardinal, said this country belonged to your Church by right of discovery. Columbus had discovered it and he was a Roman Catholic, therefore this continent should be the property of the Pope. If it had been in his possession the United States would be like the countries in South America. They have been subject to him, and a bad mess he and his Catholic rulers have made of them. Misgovernment is the mildest term that could be applied to Rome rule in South America. The factors that have made this Nation great may be



JOHN WHITELAW REID.

SENATOR GRAY.

HON. W. B. DAY, PRES.  
J. E. MOORE, SEC'Y.

SENATOR FRYE.

SENATOR DAVIS.

**The American Peace Commissioners.**

summarized in two sentences: The Bible, the Word of God, is open to all in this country, and the individual man learns from it what his relations, duties and responsibilities to God are; the Public School is free to all and therein whatever faculties man possesses can be developed by his own industry. The Bible and the Public School are the foundations of this Nation's greatness, and the structure that has been erected upon them now commands the admiration of the whole world.

To this country have come the peoples of the earth ; from every clime, from every nation they have come ; and they have been transformed into American citizens. It is a well-known fact that the first immigrants to North America were largely from Protestant countries, the Dutch, the English, the Irish Presbyterians and the Germans. They laid the foundations on which our Nation is built. But for the last sixty years the Catholic countries have supplied the greater part. Ireland was the first to send forth a stream of humanity that seemed to overwhelm the institutions of the country. The emigrants from that poor, distressed country—the most faithful to the Pope—came by the hundreds of thousands every year. Then the German speaking Catholics, the Hungarians, the French Canadians, the Poles and the Italians. It has been estimated that if the emigrants from Catholic countries and their descendants for the last sixty years had continued faithful subjects of the Roman Pontiff one half of the population of this country would be Roman Catholics. But it is a fact that only one-seventh is Catholic. Where are the other six-sevenths? They have been absorbed in the great body of American citizens. They are no longer Roman Catholics, they are Protestant Americans. Listen to what a brilliant woman says, one of the old stock of Maryland Catholics who has not yet renounced your Church.

During the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 a Catholic Congress was held as a part of the exhibition, which was attended by you, Cardinal, by Satolli, then the Papal delegate, Archbishop Ireland, scores of other bishops and hundreds of priests. It was the most representative body of Roman Catholics ever assembled in this country. Among the addresses delivered and papers read during the congress was one by Miss M. T. Elder of New Orleans, niece of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, and a devoted Roman Catholic. The statement made by Miss Elder regarding the losses the Roman Catholic Church has sustained in this country aroused a storm of protest from some ignorant Catholics. As an answer to them and to clinch her point Miss Elder published her essay in the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, February 1, 1894. This paper is the official organ of her uncle, Archbishop Elder. The following is her statement:

"There is many an eloquent voice here to exploit our success, our gains, our growth, our progress, our grandeur—and all that. There will be few, if any, to give the needful minor key of our non-success, our losses and our failures. In fact, I feel so utterly alone with my one small voice that I can scarcely succeed in making it heard at all.

"And yet that the Catholic Church in the United States has met with a loss is admitted by all who have considered the subject. Those who consider it deeply declare that this loss is heavy. Those who consider it

more deeply put the loss up in the millions. And, as Rev. John R. Slattery (of St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, for colored students for the priesthood), that truly apostolic priest, observes: 'The most thoughtful among Catholics do not hesitate to compute this loss at twenty millions.'

"In the country, far from priests and sacraments, Catholic immigrants prosper materially, but spiritually they starve. It is most natural, then, that their descendants, fed only by Protestantism, become exemplary Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. Hundreds and thousands of our noblest Catholic names are now borne by well-to-do Protestants in this country.

"Why is it that the greatest men of our Nation are non-Catholics? It is because the vast majority of these great men are from sturdy rural stock, and the rural stock of the United States is solidly, staunchly Protestant.

"Let us not whine about prejudice and intolerance and poverty and secret societies. We are apt to shove the blame off of ourselves, where it belongs, onto those scapegoats. We gain nothing by this. Let us tell the truth to ourselves. Our inferior position—and it certainly is inferior—is owing greatly, chiefly, almost wholly, to ourselves. The great men of this Nation have been and are and will continue to be Protestant. I speak not of wealth, but of brain, of energy, of action, of heart.

"To me there is nothing surprising in the fact that, notwithstanding our two hundred years' Catholicity in this country, we have not yet produced one saint. To me there is nothing surprising in the fact that vocations for the priesthood are so rare among us United States Catholics. I am not surprised that our average young man should be so flippant, so lacking in real stamina, so indifferent and so prone to mixed marriage. I find nothing surprising in the horrible ravages of intemperance, idling, gambling, sporting and other vices to which our urban poor are addicted.

"What does surprise me is the way we have of eulogizing ourselves—of talking buncombe and spread-eagle, and of giving taffy all 'round. I am sorry to say that I cannot well join in this enlivening pastime. But truly I cannot. When I see how largely Catholicity is represented among the hoodlum element I feel in no spread-eagle mood. When I note how few Catholics are engaged in honestly tilling the honest soil, and how many Catholics are engaged in the liquor traffic, I cannot talk buncombe to anybody. When I observe the increasing power and ascendancy of the Jews; when I see the superior vigor, originality and opportuneness of Protestant lay charities, over similar attempts on our part; when I observe the immense success and influence of secret societies, even here (New Orleans), the most Catholic city of the Union, I have no heart for taffy-giving.

"When I reflect that out of the seventy millions of this Nation we number only nine millions, and that out of that nine millions so large a proportion is made up of poor factory hands, poor mill and shop and mine and railroad employees, poor government clerks, I fail to find material for buncombe or spread-eagle or taffy-giving.

"And who can look at our past history and feel proud of our present status? Let us consider the Presidency, for instance. Have we ever had

a Catholic President? Ever come near having one? Ever even had a Catholic candidate? Ever likely to have one? Oh, never! We lack that element from which our Presidents come."

Thus far Miss Elder, "a good Catholic," in her plain, unvarnished tale.

Now, Cardinal, where have all those "lost" Catholics gone? There must be 22,000,000 of them now. What has become of them? I could tell you what I have tried to do in the last twenty years in leading thousands of Catholics out of your Church into the fold of Christ. Thank God, my labor has not been in vain. Here are other facts:

In October, 1898, General Thomas J. Morgan, corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose offices are at 111 Fifth avenue, New York City, sent the following letter to thirty one Baptist pastors in different parts of the country:

"I recently made the statement—which was published—that there are few Baptist churches in this country which do not include in their membership converted Roman Catholics. This statement has been sharply controverted by Romanists. It has seemed to me that possibly some good might be accomplished by publishing some facts—not in a spirit of controversy, but to afford the public information. If agreeable to you I will be greatly obliged if you will return this sheet with answers to the following questions:

"1. Name and location of your church.

"2. Number of members.

"3. Number formerly members of the Roman Catholic Church.

"4. Name of one or more converted Roman Catholics of your acquaintance who are persons of intelligence and position, specifying what place they hold, indicating whether any of them are church officers or not."

I have had the privilege of seeing the answers to General Morgan's letter, and twenty-nine of those pastors replied that they had 313 converted Catholics, varying from two to forty, in their congregations, and many of them were prominent in church, business and professional life. As the New York correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist* (Nov. 10, 1898) said:

"These twenty-nine churches are all American. They are in Boston, Providence, Lowell, New Haven, New York, St. Paul, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and many other cities. It is also shown by General Morgan that the society of which he is secretary has mission congregations of Poles, French, Bohemians and Italians made up wholly of former Roman Catholics, while of the 25,000 German Baptists fully one-fourth came out of the Roman communion. At the same time that General Morgan began his investigation another member of a mission board in this city began inquiries among pastors to know if they had former Roman Catholics in their church memberships. A total of forty-seven pastors resident in this city were seen. They include Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Moravians, Methodists and Episcopalians. Without exception these forty-seven pastors replied in the affirmative, and gave numbers from one to seventy each. Speaking of it General Morgan says: 'We ought not to be surprised at these revelations, even if we did not know that such changes are going on. The dominant characteristic of American life is religious freedom.'"



The temptation is very strong to add my personal testimony to that of General Morgan and the Baptist pastors. I know that there is not a Protestant Church in New York but has converted Catholics among its members, and many of them persons of prominence. It is the same in other cities, and even in the small towns throughout the country. The first large sum of money I received for the work of Christ's Mission—which you know is specially devoted to the conversion of Roman Catholics—was a legacy from a converted Catholic, a member of the late Dr. John Hall's Church. I have preached, when invited, in many churches, of all denominations, during the last twenty years, and every time I have found converted Catholics. In some cases the pastor, who had not been long in charge of that particular church, did not know that his parishioners who greeted me so warmly had been Roman Catholics before they were received into membership. Unlike you, Cardinal, and the Jesuits and Paulists, the pastors of Protestant churches do not send for the reporters of the daily press when a person desires to become a Christian and be received into the fellowship of the church. You seek notoriety, and "by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," like the heathen Chinese, you gain your point. But this publicity is disgusting to every person of refinement. Even the reporters and editors of the papers that publish the names of the few Protestants that turn from Christ and the Bible to the Pope and the rosary do not hesitate to express their contempt for such methods. Respectable Catholics, the people that Miss Elder mourns over as "lost," turn away from your Church because to their intelligent minds, seeking truth, it is not Christian, but pagan, sensuous in worship and false in doctrine. Your high mass with its gaudy vestments is the poorest kind of an imitation of a theatrical performance. Your confessional, where the young girl whispers her sins to the "celibate" priest, is an abomination. Your purgatory is a fraud, worse than the "green goods" business, for you traffic in the souls of poor sinners whom God sent His Son to save, who are "bought with a price," even the Blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. You and your Jesuits and Paulists and other kinds of priests are those whom the Apostle Peter denounces as "false prophets and false teachers who privily bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction." (2 Peter ii, 1.)

When the emigrants from Catholic countries have their minds enlightened and developed in our Public Schools and their hearts opened to the love of God by the power of the Holy Spirit through the Bible, they turn from the darkness and errors of Rome's religion to the Light and Truth that is in Christ Jesus our Lord; and they become like other Christians in our great Republic and like other citizens who have made this country what it is. They had been kept in ignorance and degradation by your Church, but the chains of spiritual and mental slavery are broken here. This is the land of freedom where spiritual liberty is the birthright of every citizen. All the power of Rome, all the powers of the world, cannot stop the march of events that God has set in motion in this country. May it all be for His glory and the good of humanity!

Yours truly,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

## LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE  
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

### CHAPTER III.

It is now time to describe the process in detail by which a monk is made. The evolution is as peculiar and as interesting as that of megalosaurus or any other antediluvian animal. Three distinct phases may be here mentioned; namely, the vocation, the probation and the acceptance. The vocation is very characteristic. People may be surprised to learn that it requires a vocation to enter a monastery. It is to the minds of non-Catholics like speaking of a vocation to enter a lunatic asylum. Yet the monks speak very seriously about the vocation. The call is not something ordinary either; it is a divine supernatural thing. As fools are plenty, monasteries will never want recruits, and vocations will be abundant.

Give the monks a boy the age of six, send him to their schools for a number of years, let him sedulously go to a confessor who is a monk, listen to the regular sermons in a monastery and to a week's mission given by a gang of friars, and before he is sixteen they will have made him a fool on religious matters, and will have infused a divine vocation into him in spite of all other influences. This is my idea of a divine vocation to enter the monastery. It is like a divine vocation to enter a religious madhouse, and a call to become a monk is as divine as a call to become a thief or a scoundrel. To sum up the paraphernalia of a vocation to become a monk, I may say that it all consists in a thousand rousing sermons on heaven and hell, a thousand confessions, five thousand catechism lectures, ten thousand exhortations, twenty thousand pages of reading in the lives of the saints who were founders of the monastic orders, and five thousand masses. Let such a dose be given a boy or girl in his or her school days and a divine vocation is sure to be the result.

It may be said that I am trifling in this matter. Not at all; the monks are the triflers, the greatest pious frauds in creation, and it is no harm to tell the simple truth about them and their boasted divine vocation. In my own case I know that this was the only divine vocation I had. I went for about eight years to the religious parish school, spent an hour every day in reciting the catechism got up by the monks, went to mass and to an extra service every Sunday and feast day, listened to innumerable sermons by men whom I believed to be wise, discreet and holy, and on whose words I hung with boyish reverence. I was led to believe that the judgment day was soon coming, and that a jury of ten thousand saints of the Catholic Church and a hundred thousand monks would decide my fate for all eternity in heaven or hell, and that my only hope was to become a monk myself. This was my vocation, and I do not hesitate to make it public and to say that nine-tenths of the so-called divine vocations were the same as mine. I entered the monastery because I knew no better, because the monks had powerfully influenced my boyish mind and had made



**Father Augustine Baumann.**

A Priest of the Passionist Order. He put on the habit of the Order at the age of sixteen in the Monastery at Hoboken, N. J., and was ordained a Priest when he completed his theological studies.

me almost insane with their blood and thunder declamation on mortal sin, heaven and hell.

Men of mature bodies and minds may wonder, but to a boy so many sermons, lectures and pious discourses are a moral power equal to the physical force of a Niagara Falls. It is almost impossible to resist it, and even men with sound minds have been taken in and imposed upon by this method. There have been also divine vocations, the result of pious literature, and sermons about monks, monasteries and miracles. I do not deny that there are some extraordinary cases where a vocation comes in a somewhat different shape. St. Ignatius, for instance, the founder of the Jesuit Order, got his vocation through a broken leg. St. Camillus also got his vocation by the same divine method ; others get it through disappointment in love, and a few on the graves of their former wives. Even the great Luther seems to have been made a monk by a powerful thunderclap. The monks say that God is wonderful in His ways, and they are right. He would be very wonderful indeed to have a hand in the vocation of the average monk.

The vocations of nuns is somewhat similar, except that young girls are even more impressionable than boys. Supposing the thousand of sermons and catechetical instructions are re-enforced by the presence of an insinuating friar who has a polish of piety, and the poor young creature is easily charmed to become a nun in some holy order. I have a sister who has become a nun, and who has been so deceived that she will not be undeceived. Nothing would now convince her that she has not a divine vocation to spend her life in the solitude of the cloister. She is still young and beautiful, and I only hope that no vain fear will keep her in the convent the day when she realizes that her supposed divine vocation was only the result of her own youthful emotions worked upon by pious literature, sermons and the catechism.

I could say many more things about the divine vocation of friars, but I have said enough. It is of no use to enter into deep psychological study over the matter. Every one knows that children can be taught to believe almost anything. The son of a Chinese will believe in all his father's devils; the son of a Buddhist will believe in all the transformations of Buddha, and the child of a wandering Arab will be a devoted admirer of the Great Prophet. Wherever we go we find that the childish mind is like wax, susceptible to every impression, and especially to such as pretend to come from a mysterious, supernatural source, or to be in some way connected with things divine and above the human.

But it is not enough to have a divine vocation ; the monks also want to be sure of it; they want visible signs that it exists, and they proceed to test it in various ways. The preliminary test is carried on outside of the monastery whilst the boy is still a mere applicant. They want to find out especially if the child is of a docile character and accepts unhesitatingly the teachings of the monks. They do not want such as give too much evidence of independence of character, of too inquiring a mind, liable to reflect too often upon the dictates of his betters. In fact one of the reasons for rejecting an applicant is the sin of curiosity. To be at all curious is a mortal offence against monastic principles, and the boy who shows



**Mr. Augustine Baumann.**

As he now is without his religious garb. He withdrew from the Passionist Order in Buenos Ayres in 1897, and began to write these chapters on Monastery Life when he came to Christ's Mission, New York, in 1898.

any great tendency to be inquisitive is at once rejected. What is the reason of this? We would have to ask the monks for an answer. They know only too well that a sensible human being, who should always want to know the reason of things, is not fit to be a monk, because a monk is not to know the reason for many things which they command others to do, and which they do themselves.

Docility is the great word among them. The boy who has a docile mind, and who unquestioningly accepts all the precepts they crowd into his head, has their unbounded admiration. This is necessary to the system. It will be seen, upon the slightest reflection, monasticism would have but little chance if the new recruits were at once to ask the reason of everything. A monk may ask a reason for all things after he has been about ten years in the monastery, has become completely habituated to the monastic atmosphere, and could not earn his daily bread if he put his foot out of the cloister. He is then bound by circumstances, and the superiors or brethren do not care what he thinks. But the young aspirant cannot be allowed this liberty, because that would be the end of all monasteries, and the seniors would have no one to sweep their halls, dust the choir and sacristy and do other menial work.

The way the monks try the applicant's mind is by pretending, sometimes, to refuse him admission on some flimsy ground. After the boy has been worked up to a high pitch of religious enthusiasm he is naturally eager to have his wish to enter the monastery gratified, and a refusal only makes him the more anxious. When he shows his anxiety very strongly the monks are pleased, and they look upon this as a new indication that the young man has a very divine vocation. They then inquire into his character, and if they find out that he has been peculiarly docile and obedient, they will be highly pleased, and after some months of waiting will tell the aspirant that his application has been at last considered and that he will be admitted on a certain date. This is glorious news to the poor child, and he hastens to tell his parents about it with great satisfaction. The monks now have him just in the frame of mind they want, and will not make further difficulties. He is promised a wonderful reward in this life and in the next for his heroic sacrifice, and the days of waiting seem long to him. But alas for the applicant! It would be better if he had never heard of the monks, of their saints and miracles, of their terrific hell and appalling heaven, and retained the balance of his mind. As it is they have turned his head completely, and he does not know that he is becoming a victim of blind fanaticism and superstition which he may rue for the rest of his life.

I know of monks who still try to persuade themselves against their own common sense that they are right in thus inducing young men to join them, that they are doing a good work, and ought to be honored for it. But in spite of all the efforts they make to justify themselves before their own conscience they know and feel that something is wrong in their system of recruiting, and they dare not acknowledge it to themselves or the public. All this talk about divine vocation is mere cant and rant. It cannot stand the light of calm criticism; it is ridiculous and unnatural. Why should this so called divine vocation be confined, in nine cases out of



ten, to mere boys and girls who do not yet know their own minds, who are still under age, and who, instead of renouncing their right to marry, their liberty and their possessions, if they have any, should be still going to school or learning some honorable profession, or, at least, should wait till they know the value of liberty and the meaning of marriage.

The most cruel thing the monks do is to denounce marriage as something inferior to celibacy; and not only to denounce marriage, but to declare the most natural emotions to be impure and degrading. It is a barbarous and inhuman doctrine, and the greatest agent of fraud and imposture ever discovered. It is natural for every child to be human, to have feelings, sensibilities and aspirations, common to all human beings; yet, the monks, backed by the Roman Catholic Church, go about teaching that these natural feelings are impure, unchaste, unholy, and, if in any way satisfied, will land the possessor in a hell of fire and brimstone for all eternity. The boy or girl as yet has not experienced these emotions in all their force. The child merely feels the faintest symptoms and does not know how to interpret them. The monks to whom they confess their emotions at once cry out devil, hell, damnation, and frighten hundreds of poor innocent creatures into the monastery or convent to be a victim for life of barbarity, ignorance and imposture. I wish I could talk even more plainly upon this matter, but the conventionalities of society prevent me. What I have said is enough to show how divine vocations to the monastery and nunnery are worked up; how the monks impose upon the youthful and inexperienced, and how their traditions of falsehood, self-deception and imposture on others flourish. They glory in saying that their whole system is not natural, pretending that it is supernatural and divine. Such doctrines might have passed muster five or six hundred years ago when the world was more ignorant. But what educated and enlightened person will have respect for them now? The divinity of the vocation and the divinity of the methods of the monks must be relegated to the region of myths and the ten thousand other false beliefs that have disgraced the world.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I shall now proceed to describe what happens to a young man when he enters a monastery. It will thus be necessary to give an inside view of monastic practices, and I shall not allow any idle consideration to prevent me from telling the plain, simple truth, and to speak of monks with their habits on, or with their habits off, as may be necessary. My view of monastic life will naturally be somewhat different from that of the pious monks who still remain. But before a fair, impartial public I have no doubt that my view will be approved and considered sensible.

The young aspirant who enters the monastery is not at once made a monk, or even a novice. Like the butterfly, which is at first a bug and then a caterpillar, he has to go through various transformations before he becomes a full-fledged monk. The first stage is that of aspirant, or postulant. I entered the monastery of Pittsburg on September 3, 1884, and remained a postulant for six weeks. When I received word that the pro-

vincial had accepted my application I left home at once and proceeded to Pittsburg. There I went to a certain Father George, a Passionist, who had formerly been my confessor in West Hoboken, and who was then a parish priest in Pittsburg. He conducted me to the monastery in Southside, Pittsburg, and introduced me to the master of novices, Father Aloysius, who was expecting my arrival. Father Aloysius came to the parlor, smiled at me graciously and said a few encouraging words. It was an easy way of winning me from the world and introducing me into the grim monastic halls. Father George bade me good-bye, and told me that if in the future I saw him in the monastery I was to be specially careful not to speak to him, because postulants and novices were not allowed to speak to anyone. Even conversation with priests of the order and in the same monastery was interdicted to them. The master confirmed this first item of instruction, and then led me to the garden. There I saw about eight novices gathered under an arbor. As soon as the master approached they arose and, taking off their little skull-caps, stood at attention. I noticed that they all looked as serious as judges, and kept their eyes fixed on the ground before them. The master introduced me as "Confrater Peter," and then I remarked that a few of them gave a faintly devout smile as if to say, How do you do, "Confrater Peter?" It was just after the mid-day meal, and the novices were supposed to be at recreation. It was a mere supposition, for such a recreation was a novelty to me. It looked rather as if they were practicing how to pose for statues or pictures than recreation.

I was thenceforth a postulant; that is to say, I was to be with the novices, to walk and recreate with them after their peculiar fashion, and to learn everything else necessary to become a novice, and to be invested with the holy habit. My term of postulancy was likely to last over a month, so that I would have plenty of time to learn all the tricks. I soon began to realize what it meant to be a postulant. The position was not a pleasant one. The novices could do many things in their habits which it was not pleasant for a postulant to do without the habit. We had to kneel down often in the garden, and for the novices it was nothing very troublesome, as they could shake off the dust and dirt with considerable ease from their rough sack-cloth gowns. My clothes got wonderfully untidy by that practice of tumbling on my knees everytime that the master looked at me or my partner. I ultimately detested my secular clothes, and wished that the day could be hastened when I would be clothed with the monastic habit. But the time came when I was just as eager to throw it off.

The postulant is given in charge of a novice for instruction in the ways and rules of the novitiates. I was given in charge of a certain Confrater Vincent, the most peculiar individual in the monastery. He was a New York boy, and had the gift of stuttering to perfection. He was also left-handed, and not only were his acts and doings of that description, but I veritably believe what was said of him, that he thought with the left side of his brains, for he always seized the wrong end of the question or argument, and drew negative results from positive premises. He had a voice like roaring thunder, without the slightest vestige of musical discrimina-

tion in his ear. But I have no particular animosity against Confrater Vincent; I wish merely to state here that it was my misfortune as a postulant to be given in his charge. His appearance was like that of a war veteran, for his head was bandaged and, I believe, his arm was in a sling. He had a few days previously met with a terrible accident. He not only kept his eyes on the ground, but also bent his head considerably forward; as a result one evening when he had forgotten something in the garden he rushed out for it, and on his return did not see that the glass door leading to the garden had been shut. The consequences was that he rammed his head into the glass door and sent the splinters flying about in all directions, cutting his face badly in the operation. Such was good Confrater Vincent, the zealous, edifying novice, into whose custody I was given when a postulant.

He at once began his work of initiating me into the monastic practices. He taught me how to kneel down when the master corrected me, how I was never to excuse myself when the master accused me of a fault that I had not committed, how I was not to speak to anyone outside of recreation, when I was to go to bed, when to rise, to go to choir, to the chapter room, to the refectory and to recreation or to walk. He also taught me the prayers I was to say, the pious letters and ejaculations I was to learn by heart, and also how I was to scourge my body. But the master did not leave all the instructions I was to receive to Confrater Vincent. He took me to his room and there explained that as I had left the world, and was anxious to serve Christ in a monastery, I was to learn humility, obedience and abnegation, and that I must not be surprised if he, the master, should take steps to implant those virtues into me. This would be done soon, and all my actions would be carefully noted. I was therefore fortified against anything that might happen. I had an idea that some day all the monks would rush upon me, divest me of what I wore and flog me naked for Christ's sake. I also thought the master might dress up as a fiery devil with horns and break into my room in the middle of the night and threaten me with hell or pitchforks. I even thought they might dig my grave in the garden, threaten to lynch me and send me quicker to heaven than I had bargained for. At any rate, no matter what should happen, I made up my mind to show great fortitude and to flinch at nothing.

However, that is not the way I was tried. I was sent to wash the dishes, and whilst I would be at work in the kitchen the master would walk in and blandly order me to get on my knees and to say three "Hail Mary's" for washing the dishes without permission. I had to perform the penance without saying a word, or daring to remind the master that he himself had ordered it; that would have been another fault. A little while afterwards he would come again and pretend to be in terrible anger; he would order me to eat my meals for three days on the floor of the refectory in the presence of the whole community for having spoken to Father George without permission. I would not dare to say that I had not seen Father George, or spoken to him; that would have been to excuse myself, for which I would have got another penance worse than the first. Thus without the least warning I would be accused of things I had

not done or could not have done, and would be obliged to do penance, as if I had done them, without a word of explanation. I know of one postulant, who came a few days after me, who was ordered to go to the rector of the house and beg his pardon for having called him a fool. The rector scolded him and told him to go to the vice-master and beg of him a penance for having broken a window in the choir. The vice-master ordered him in turn to go and kiss the master's feet for having looked the cook in the face. It is needless to say that the postulant had not called the rector a fool, or broken any window, or even seen the cook. But these absurdities were to try the patience of the postulant, and to see if he would attempt to explain that he had not done any of those things. If ungrudgingly and quietly he did all the foolish penances commanded him he would be looked upon as giving favorable indications of the right spirit, and that he would soon be fit to receive the holy habit.

I was not a week in the novitiate before I was well initiated into a good many of these practices. Apparently I gave satisfaction, as I made it a point not to explain when I was accused of having done things which perhaps someone else did, or which were a mere fiction on the part of the master. The various practices of the novices, however, required considerable time to be learned. Thus whenever the master reprimanded me, with reason or no reason, I was to get on my knees and bow my head. If I were to prostrate on the floor and let the others walk over me I was to do it without hesitation. I also had to learn the horarium for certain exercises. At six in the morning I had to rise and hasten to choir; at half past seven we all marched to the chapter room; at half past eight, after we had finished in the chapter room telling our pious thoughts and meditation of the morning, we were allowed five minutes to clean up our rooms and make our beds. Then we went for coffee and bread, provided we were not ordered to fast, and at nine o'clock we went to sweep the corridors and do general work or cleaning for about an hour. From ten to eleven we would have half an hour for studying Latin, and another half hour for class. At eleven we had a walk in the garden in silence till half past eleven, and then we were summoned again to choir. At twelve was the mid-day meal, followed by three quarters of an hour recreation. This was followed by a siesta for an hour, and about half past two we would have to be in choir to chant vespers and to listen to spiritual reading. At three o'clock we would go to our rooms to read the life of some saint for about half an hour, and then we could study till about half past four, when we would have class until five. At five we had another short walk in the garden, and then the bell would sound for compline, when we went to the choir to chant and to meditate till about seven o'clock. At seven we had our evening meal, followed again by recreation, and at half past eight we went to choir again to say the rosary and night prayers. At nine we went to rest and had five hour's sleep until two o'clock. Then we all had to rise, go to choir and chant matins for an hour and a half, and retire to bed again at half past three o'clock in the morning.

Such was the routine which I had to follow as a novice. I soon learned that the most tormenting performance was the meditation for one hour in the morning, and for another hour in the evening. I could bear anything

else but that terrible ordeal of meditating in a half sitting, half kneeling posture for an entire hour. If it were possible for one to meditate during all that time it would not be so annoying, but I could scarcely ever meditate longer than five minutes. The rest of the time would be simply waiting for the clock to strike the end of the hour of torment. After being a postulant for six weeks I was considered fit to be invested with the holy habit and to become a novice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## MONKS AND THEIR DECLINE.

BY REV. GEORGE ZURCHER,

Pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

This is a remarkable pamphlet by a Roman Catholic priest. Father Zurcher is a remarkable man. For many years he has been a strong advocate of temperance and other reforms in the Roman Catholic Church. Failing in his efforts to "reform" anything in Romanism, he has appealed to the public in the hope that exposure and denunciation will cure some of the evils that exist in the Church of Rome.

This pamphlet is full of startling facts. Each order of monks is discussed separately, and praise or blame is bestowed as the facts warrant. The religious orders, or monks, as they are generally called, are the special favorites of the Pope, and wield enormous influence in the Roman Catholic Church. The American people are now learning what they have done in the Philippine Islands. The evil they are doing in this country is told in Father Zurcher's pamphlet. We tried to buy a copy of this publication in the largest Roman Catholic bookstore in this city, but it could not be obtained. It was said that the work was placed on the "Index of Forbidden Books," and no Catholic bookseller could keep it for sale without incurring excommunication. That put us on our mettle to obtain some copies of the pamphlet, and it can now be had at this office.

Father Zurcher says he has not been officially informed that his book has been placed on the Index, and until he is formally notified he has nothing to retract. In a letter published last month he shows that he has no fear of the Inquisition, and he snaps his fingers at the Index, one of whose rules he quotes as follows:

"Books detracting from the reverence due to God, the blessed Virgin, the saints, the Church and its worship, the sacraments or the Apostolic See, are condemned. Books in which the ecclesiastical hierarchy or the clerical or religious state is deliberately assailed with opprobrium, are likewise forbidden."

Lest there should be any doubt about his position he explains that "religious state" refers to monastic life. Certainly he has succeeded in stirring up the monks of all orders, and his work will do good. The price of the pamphlet is twenty-five cents.

## The Converted Catholic for 1899.

We hope all of our readers will renew their subscriptions for this year as soon as convenient. We shall keep their names on our list as long as possible. But it will be a great help to this work if they will renew promptly. The circulation of this magazine ought to be largely increased this year. The best way to do this is for the friends who are interested to become our co-workers by getting others to subscribe for it. Sample copies will be sent if desired.



## KIND WORDS.

In sending his subscription the Rev. Dr. Robert Russell Booth, the most venerable minister of this city, says:

*Dear Brother O'Connor:*

I enclose one dollar to pay for the magazine, which I read with ever increasing interest and with prayers for God's blessing on your faithful labor.

R. R. BOOTH.

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From Brooklyn, N. Y., we received the following letter from a prominent and beloved pastor:

Please find enclosed two dollars to send one copy of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to me as heretofore, and the other to some one who needs it. It would be a great joy to me if I could send it to thousands, for it is worthy, and they might know at last the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God.

I rejoice in your wisdom and grace in the management of your magazine and in the results secured by the grace of God.

JOHN D. WELLS.

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A dear friend in Chicago, Ill., writes:

I feel greatly interested in your noble Christian work—a work requiring great courage and great faith, but fundamental work, at the very basis of all our civil as well as religious liberty. As a political power Rome is a constant menace to our liberties, and her priesthood are sappers and “underminers” everywhere. They work in the dark, and by deceitful and tortuous means try to gain control of the State as well as the Church.

In the old world they rule Spain and Italy and other countries by keeping the masses in ignorance. The English yeomanry are too loyal to be deceived; so in the garb of religious enthusiasm they have attacked the Church, and even the nobility. In this country it is the

ballot box, and it is their boast that they will overcome America by a voting majority. A work like yours is one of our means of safety.

W. W.

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Waverly, Md., Jan. 6, 1899.

Please send me more copies of the magazine. It is a grand publication. I know it would do good if it could be easily obtained and more generally read. I have read and re-read all the copies I have received, and then handed them to neighbors or mailed them to friends where I thought they would do good.

J. T. S.

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St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 24, 1898.

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is ever a welcome visitor, and always read with interest and pleasure. May the good work in which you are engaged be prospered, and its influence extended far and wide.

DR. W. H. MCP.

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Jack Rose, N. Y., Dec 22, 1898.

For many years I have sent THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to the prison missionary. He says it is the best monthly he ever saw. After reading it he has the parts bound in a volume, and put into the prison reading room.

Mrs. S. M. W.

## CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.

Four thousand dollars were paid on this debt last year. It is now only \$4,000. Can that sum be raised this year and thus wipe out the debt altogether? Certainly it can if the friends of this work will lend a hand. We have received one hundred dollars toward the payment of this \$4,000, a friend has promised fifty dollars, and there is more coming. This is good and encouraging. But the days are going by, and there is work to be done that could be better done if this debt were paid off. Let all our good friends do what they can.